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A
S U P P L E M E N T
TO THE
G E R M A N E R A T O,
CONTAINING
A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS,
WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,
TRANSLATED BY THE SAME HAND.



L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR L. LAVENU, NO. 29. NEW BOND-STREET,
MUSIC-SELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1801.



THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

Dolce con tenerezza.

Zumsteeg.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics are: "Love, but such as brothers claim, dares my heart be -".

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes D5, E5, and F#5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes D4, E4, and F#4. The lyrics are: "stow; more, dear youth, for - bear to name; more were cause of".

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes G5, A5, and B5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G4, A4, and B4. The lyrics are: "woe! Fain I'd see thee calm ap - pear, calm from".

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes C6, B5, and A5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes C4, B3, and A3. The lyrics are: "hence de - part; 'gaint that soft in - fec - tious tear, must".

— I steel my heart.^a *fp.* Dumb with *fp.*

Più vivo.
grief the lov - er hears, lost in *fp.* fond dis -

fp.
may; clasps the dam - sel, checks his tears, mounts and

hies a - way: lends his trust - y vas - sal band, speeds to

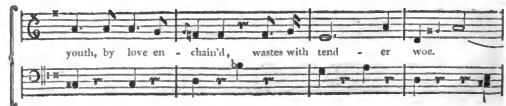
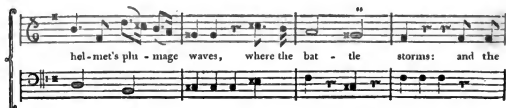
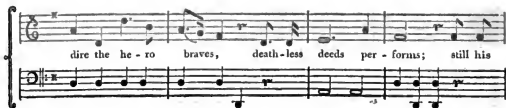
Pa - les - tine: sons of hard - y Swit - zer - land, badg'd with

Tempo di marcia.

ho - ly sign. *f* *fp.*

fp.

Per - ils



Twelve slow

moons he bore his grief; long - er could not

bear; vain - ly sighs for kind re - lief, then for - sakes the

war. Spies a bark on Jop - pa's strand, swell its spread - ing



Recitativo.

gate, thrills with tend - er fears. Ah! what bit - ter ills a -

wait, when these words he hears: "She thou seek'st now bears the

veil, now is heaven's bride; yester-morn, at matins bell, to the

Adagio.

world she dy'd."

B

Straight he shuns his na - tive vale, shuns his fa - ther's

board, quits the scenes he lov'd so well, quits his steed and

sword; lives un - known, un-mark'd, for - lorn, far from

pry - ing eyes; sackcloth garb and beard un -



VII.

And erelong, a simple shed
 Near yon slope he rears,
 Where the cloister's tow'ry head
 O'er the grove appears.
 There, from morning's blushing sky
 Down to setting sun,
 Hope still beaming in his eye,
 Sat the youth alone: —

VIII.

Sat and ey'd the cloister's pile,
 Ey'd its hallow'd bound; —
 Eyes the window of her cell,
 Till the casement sound;
 Till the lov'd recluse was seen,
 Till the sainted maid
 Cast a look as heav'n serene
 Down the silent glade.

IX.

Then, at each returning night
 Sunk to soft repose;
 Grateful hail'd the welcome light
 When the morn arose.
 Patient, still for many a day,
 Many a year's long round,
 Waits the ling'ring hour away,
 Till the casement sound: —

X.

Till the lov'd recluse is seen,
 Till the sainted maid
 Casts a look as heav'n serene
 Down the silent glade.
 And as Death one fated morn
 Ends his tender care,
 Still his looks, all pallid, turn
 To'ard the cloister'd fair!

S O N G.

*Andante.**Hurka.*

De - light - ed, my fan - cy still wand - ers, where flows the clear

stream in me - and - ers; — still paints the gay bark on its tide. — still

paints the gay bark on its tide. — Dear bark, where with bliss all e -



I.

DELIGHTED, my fancy still wanders
Where flows the clear stream in meanders; —
Still paints the gay bark on its tide. —
Dear bark, where with bliss all elated,
By Lucy, bright maid, I've been seated,
And down the smooth current did glide

II.

We sail'd on its soft-heaving billows,
And 'neath the cool shade of its willows,
Mark'd how the fish sported and play'd;
We mark'd the green margin so blooming,
As spring all its charms was resuming,
And saw the lambs skip o'er the mead.

III.

Sweet days! how I love to review them!
How fondly I long to renew them!
Dear maid, were they pleasing to thee?
If so, let us ship us together,
And steer through life's fair and foul weather;
And Cupid our pilot shall be.

DEATH'S CRADLE-SONG.

*Adagio.**Hummel.*

How snug is my pil-low, my bed-ding how warm! To slumber how

tempting, how shel-ter'd from harm! See spring, hap-py sea-son, new gar-nish

the bowers, and strew o'er my couch its first buds and its flowers!



I.

HOW snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm!
To slumber how tempting, how shelter'd from
harm!

See spring, happy season, new-garnish the bowers,
And strew o'er my couch its first buds and its
flowers!

The nightingale too her soft lay shall repeat. —
Thy slumber how sweet!

II.

How snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm!
How safe lies the sleeper from care and alarm!
When winter, in storms and in darkness array'd,
My couch with a carpet of snow shall o'erspread,
Still thou shalt behold the rude tempest increase,
Yet slumber in peace!

III.

On earth is fair Virtue unsought and unknown,
And heart-felt enjoyment from mortals is flown.
There Hope shall deceive thee; and Love shall
betray,

And torture thy bosom by night and by day.
While here smiles an angel; — kind Death is
his name,

And brightens thy dream!

IV.

Come, then, weary pilgrim, nor startle with dread,
My pillow is downy and warm is my bed:

I'll bear thy hard burden, thy griefs will I share,
And lull thee to slumber, and still thy despair.
Ah come, and while Death thus invites to repose,
Forget all thy woes!

RURAL LIFE.

*Moderato.**Himmel.*

To ru - ral joys and pu - rer air, ye cit - y nymphs, and

swains re - pair. The whis'ring grove, the garden's bound, each peaceful dwelling

skirts a - round. No lord - ly pile ob - structs the way, nor veils the

cheerful face of day, and free - ly o'er the flo - w'ry meads, the



I.

TO rural joys and purer air,
 Ye city nymphs and swains, repair.
 The whispering grove, the garden's bound
 Each peaceful dwelling skirts around.
 No lordly pile obstructs the way,
 Nor veils the cheerful face of day,
 And freely o'er the flow'ry meads
 The moon her silver lustre sheds.

II.

At early morn the villager
 Resumes his daily pleasing care.
 For him the vernal landscape blooms,
 For him the hawthorn sheds perfumes;
 His borders glow with many a flow'r,
 The nightingale awakes his bow'r,
 The bee prepares her nectar'd hoard,
 And fair Pomona decks his board.

III.

Then hither hie, ye courtly train,
 And share the pleasures of the plain;
 Forsake the city's irksome glare,
 And leave behind each sordid care. —
 Let Love alone your breast invade,
 Fit inmate of the rural shade:
 Haste here, your tender vows declare,
 And soon shall yield the soft'ned fair.

SONG.

Beczwarzowsky.

Allegretto.

Cu - pid, wan - ton source of pain, could I bind thy
 pin - ion; source of pain, could I bind thy
 pin - ion; ev - er then shouldst thou re - main slave to my do -

p
pp
p

min-ion. But in spring the night-ing - gale on - ly on - ly glads the
 bower; — and the leaves that strew the vale, speak chill autumn's power.

I.

CUPID, wanton source of pain,
 Could I bind thy pinion;
 Ever then shouldst thou remain
 Slave to my dominion.
 But in spring the nightingale
 Only glads the bower; —
 And the leaves that strew the vale,
 Speak chill autumn's power.

II.

Thus alas! but once in life
 Blossom Love's sweet roses; —
 Once while vernal joys are rife,
 Ere youth's season closes.
 Vainly then shall youth defy
 Beauty's soft dominion; —
 Vain the art that fain would tie
 Cupid's silken pinion.

SONG.

*Andante grazioso.**Hurka.*

mu-se's fa - vour and breathes the sweetest lay; while syn - pa -

thy a - wa - kens at - ten - tion's read - y ear, and

spreads the soft in - fec - tion, and prompts the pleasing tear.

I.

WHAT feels the soft'ned bosom
 The gentler virtues sway,
 Best claims the muse's favour
 And breathes the sweetest lay;
 While sympathy awakens
 Attention's ready ear,
 And spreads the soft infection,
 And prompts the pleasing tear.

II.

Let poets sing of heroes
 And all the pomp of war,
 And such as pant for glory
 Attend with eager ear; —
 Be mine an humbler triumph,
 My theme the rural plain,
 My boast, the simple numbers
 That charm the village-train.

III.

And would my blooming Daphne
 But lend her ear the while,
 And one kind look would deign me,
 And one approving smile; —
 I'd envy not the poet
 Though wreaths adorn his brow,
 And envy not the hero
 That bade the numbers flow.

THE DREAM.

*Andante.**Reichardt.*

Lull'd in slumber's down-y arms, 'neath the noon-tide

grove I lay; Fan-cy im-ag'd Lau-ra's charms, beam-ing

sweeter bright-er day.

I.

LULL'D in slumber's downy arms,
 'Neath the noon-tide grove I lay;
 Fancy imag'd Laura's charms,
 Beaming sweeter brighter day.

II.

Gaily dress'd in yielding smiles,
 Fancy imag'd Laura's face: —
 Hope each love-lorn pang beguiles!
 Thrilling joys my bosom seize!

III.

Cupid, near in ambush laid,
 Chas'd the vision — wild I start,
 Seek in vain the matchless maid; —
 Find her only in my heart!

IV.

Each fond fairy image flies,
 Flies as fades the rapt'rous dream;
 All but conscious mem'ry dies, —
 All but Love's unwasted flame.

- S O N G.

*Allegro.**Andr.*

With ver-dant wreaths the flow-ing bowl in - twine, and gai - ly

quaff it dry, and gai - ly quaff it dry. How bless'd the land that boasts such

gen - rous wine! What draughts with these shall vie! what draughts with these shall

vie!

I.

WITH verdant wreaths the flowing bowl intwine,
 And gaily quaff it dry.
 How bless'd the land that boasts such gen'rous wine!
 What draughts with these shall vie!

II.

Nor need our steps to distant Hung'ry tend,
 Nor yet to Gallia roam:
 Let him who likes, so far for liquor send, —
 We find it nearer home.

III.

Our German hills the bounteous juice supply,
 And hence its worth so rare!
 Dear native land, beneath thy temperate sky,
 What varied gifts we share!

IV.

Nor yet through all Germania does it grow,
 Where many a barren hill,
 And many a rock uplifts its rugged brow,
 Not worth the place they fill.

V.

A plant there grows, Thuringia's heights among,
 That like the vine appears; —
 Its meager juice inspires no jovial song,
 Nor soothes the toper's cares.

VI.

Saxonia's hills in gay confusion lie,
 Yet no rich vines unfold:
 Their boasted rocks may silver ore supply,
 And eke some paltry gold.

VII.

Nor where the Bloxberg rears its blustering head,
 Shall Bacchus' train appear;
 Thence rise the winds, and thence the tempests spread; —
 But not a grape is there.

VIII.

On Rhine's fair banks the envied clusters grow;
 Then sacred be the Rhine;
 And bless'd those banks whose sunny heights bestow
 The life-preserving wine.

IX.

Then drink amain, cast all our cares away,
 Let mirth the monuments cheer;
 And knew we where a son of sorrow lay,
 We'd bid him welcome here.

S O N - G.

*Larghetto.**Reichardt.*

My love I seek, but seek in

vain, he flies nor heeds my tend - er

pain; and now a prey to sad de -



I.

MY love I seek, but seek in vain;
 He flies, nor heeds my tender pain;
 And now a prey to sad despair,
 I call on death to end my care!

II.

Yet, perjur'd youth, one moment stay,
 Let pity prompt a short delay:
 Canst thou the last sad boon deny,
 To stop, and catch my parting sigh?

III.

Ah, no! still urge thy cruel flight,
 And still my proffer'd fondness slight!
 Another maiden's dearer charms
 Allure thee from my constant arms.

IV.

May softest peace thy bosom prove,
 And blessings crown thy new-born love!
 Yet spare, how blest soe'er thou be,
 One thought for her who dy'd for thee!

S O N G.

*Allegretto.**Reichardt.*

Be - side a faon-tain's border, where wanton zeph-yrs rove:

a nymph in sweet dis - ord - er, now sleeps in 'yon - der

grove — now sleeps in yon - der grove. If thus her beauties

charin me all sleeping as she lies, what ills, a - las! shall harm me,

when once she opes her eyes, what ills, a - las! shall

harm me, when — once she opes — her eyes!

I.

BESIDE a fountain's border
 Where wanton zephyrs rove,
 A nymph, in sweet disorder,
 Now sleeps in yonder grove:
 If thus her beauties charm me,
 All sleeping as she lies;
 What ills, alas! shall harm me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

II.

On her white arm reposing,
 Reclines her lovely cheek,
 Far sweeter tints disclosing
 Than May's sweet mornings deck.
 What tender fears alarm me!
 What tender hopes arise! —
 Alas! what ills shall harm me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

III.

And fain would I discover
 What pains my breast invade;
 But ah, too timid lover!
 My lips refuse their aid.
 May Love with boldness arm me,
 And check desponding sighs,
 Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

I N D E X.

Love, but such as brothers claim,	(<i>Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe,</i>)	from Schiller.	III.
Delighted, my fancy still wanders,	(<i>Das waren mir seelige Tage,</i>)	Anon.	XII.
How snug is my pillow, my bedding	(<i>Ich habe ein Bettchen so dicht und</i>		
how warm!	<i>so warm,</i>)	Sander.	XIV.
To rural joys and purer air,	(<i>Ihr Städter, sucht ihr Freude,</i>)	Voss.	XVI.
Cupid, wanton source of pain,	(<i>Loser Knabe, konnte ich dir</i>)	Anon.	XVIII.
What feels the soft'ned bosom,	(<i>O das nur was im Busen</i>)	Müchler.	XX.
Lull'd in slumber's downy arms,	(<i>Dans le bosquet de Cythère</i>)	Bouffers.	XXIII.
With verdant wreaths the flowing bowls	(<i>Bekränzt mit Laub den liebe vollen</i>		
intwine,	<i>Becher,</i>)	Claudius.	XXIV.
My love I seek, but seek in vain.	(<i>Io ti cerco, e non ti trovo.</i>)	Alborghetti.	XXVI.
Beside a fountain's border,	(<i>Sul margine d'un rio,</i>)	Anon.	XXVIII.



